

Swedish American Genealogist

Volume 5 | Number 4

Article 5

12-1-1985

"A Second Cousin in Every Corner"

Janet Hobbs Johnson

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.augustana.edu/swensonsag>



Part of the [Genealogy Commons](#), and the [Scandinavian Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Johnson, Janet Hobbs (1985) "'A Second Cousin in Every Corner'," *Swedish American Genealogist*: Vol. 5 : No. 4 , Article 5.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.augustana.edu/swensonsag/vol5/iss4/5>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Augustana Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Swedish American Genealogist by an authorized editor of Augustana Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@augustana.edu.

"A Second Cousin In Every Corner"

Janet Hobbs Johnson*

The search is over. Seated at the table in Jenny's immaculate kitchen, I am surrounded by newly-found relatives. Besides Jenny, there are her sisters, Dagny, Valborg and Ingrid. Another sister, Gunhild, is at work. There are Anita and Agneta, whose fathers, Gustav and Gunnar, are twin brothers of the five sisters. These seven siblings and a third brother, Stig, were born on this site in Västra Utsjö in the parish of Malung in Dalarna. Our great grandmothers, who were sisters, were also born here. In my husband's words, I had "hit the jackpot".

I had prepared for this for five years. The search for living descendants of my Swedish ancestors included looking through countless microfilms at the genealogical library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Crystal, MN and the Minnesota Historical Society in St. Paul. It meant studying the Swedish language at the American Swedish Institute in Minneapolis and the University of Minnesota. It meant reading Swedish travel books and studying Swedish maps. Ultimately, it required two trips to Sweden.

The search began with the discovery of my great grandmother's exit permit from Sweden (*flyttningsbetyg*). My mother, who lives in the house which my great grandparents bought almost a hundred years ago, found it there. The exit permit was dated 15 Oct. 1883, and gave the basic facts needed to begin my search—my great grandparents' names, dates and places of birth, and the date of marriage. The names and birth dates of their three sons, all *vaccinerade* (vaccinated), were on the back. Their three American-born daughters' names and birth dates were added later.

The following story about my great grandmother has come from her exit permit, from Swedish and American church records, and from books, letters, newspapers as well as family stories.

Ingeborg Ersdotter was born on a farm named Bränd in Västra Utsjö, a village in Malung Parish (Kopparberg län) 24 April 1847, the daughter of Eric Ersson¹ and Anna Persdotter, the youngest of seven children.

The only known facts about Ingeborg's childhood are her baptism and confirmation in the Malung Church. Compulsory education in Sweden began in 1842, five years before Ingeborg was born.² According to her exit permit, she could read and write well, so she must have attended the parish elementary school.

At the age of eighteen, Ingeborg moved to Skog Parish (Gävl.) and one year later she returned to the family farm and began working as a *piga* (maid) in the pastor's home in Malung. In 1867, twenty years old and unmarried, she became pregnant. Her pious mother turned her out of the family home.³ It may have been a face-saving act inasmuch as her mother was a good friend of the pastor's daughters who would come to visit in their long, black dresses with their father's sermons, wrapped in black cloths.⁴

Ingeborg moved in with her sister, Anna, in Böle.⁵ A daughter, Anna Josefina (Josie), was born to Ingeborg 2 March 1868. Had Ingeborg's mother, the village midwife, spurned her daughter during the childbirth?⁶ Anna Josefina was baptized three days after she was born.

On 3 May 1874 Ingeborg moved to the city of Falun, where on 30 Aug. the same year she was married to Sven Pettersson, who came from Hestra Parish (Jön.) Sven worked in the large copper mine in Falun and both belonged to Falu Kristine Parish. Within the next six years three sons were born to Ingeborg and Sven: Sven Axel, Ernst Petrus and Bernhard Amandus.

Sven left for America in 1880, where he found work as a bricklayer in St. Paul, MN. Ingeborg sold dress fabric, laces and ribbons door to door in Falun in order to support herself and the family. In 1882 she left the Lutheran faith in order to become a Baptist. She was preparing to be baptized into the Baptist congregation, when she received word to join her husband in America. She decided to wait so that she and Sven could be baptized at the same time.⁷

It was a long journey from Falun to St. Paul. Even for a strong-willed independent woman, it was a major undertaking. Alienated from her family, she probably arranged the move, packed and left on her own.

The journey most likely began with a train ride from Falun to Göteborg on Sweden's West Coast. All Swedish emigrants were recorded in the police registry in Göteborg, the city of their embarkation. According to this register, Ingeborg and her three sons left for America 19 Oct. 1883.⁸ Josie joined them later. In the meanwhile she may have returned to Böle to live with her Aunt Anna.

The usual route for emigrants departing from Göteborg was across the North Sea by steamship to Hull in England. Another train carried them across England to Liverpool, where they boarded the vessel for New York. The entire trip took from three to five weeks.⁹ A third train ride, this time across America, brought Ingeborg and her children to St. Paul and to Sven.

The family established itself in the Swedish-speaking community around Payne Avenue on St. Paul's East Side. "Swede Hollow", in a gully cut by Phalen Creek near lower Payne Avenue, was the first American home for most Swedish immigrants in St. Paul.¹⁰ Sven and Ingeborg settled there. Like many immigrants, Sven changed his name, anglicizing it to Swan Peterson. Ingeborg assumed the surname Peterson, as did Josie when she arrived.

The reunited husband and wife were baptized and received as members into the First Swedish Baptist Church of St. Paul 28 Feb. 1884. Josie became a member 20 Nov. 1884. Three daughters were born to Swan and Ingeborg in St. Paul—Hulda, Selma and Amalia. Selma, born 17 July 1887, was my grandmother.

In November 1887 Ingeborg and Swan were stricken from the church membership rolls for *okristligt leverne* (ungodly behavior).¹¹ Without enough food to feed seven children or fuel to keep warm, and anticipating the long, cold winter, Swan and Ingeborg had asked the church fathers for help. They were told to go home and pray. Swan then went to the local saloonkeeper, who collected money to help the family. The church then terminated their membership for accepting "tainted" money. Ingeborg was later reinstated as a member, but Swan never again showed interest in the church.

In 1894 Swan and Ingeborg purchased a house and had it moved to its present site, one block off Payne Avenue, on Rose Avenue. They lived there for the remainder of their lives.

Swan died in 1923 at the age of 77. On 2 Aug. 1929 Ingeborg wrote a letter to her daughter Selma, who then was working in the Glacier National Park. She said that she was thinking of making a big change, that she could no longer care for herself or her home. Ten days later she suffered a stroke and on 15 Aug. 1929 Ingeborg died at the age of 82.

-oOo-

In July 1983, one hundred years after my great grandmother had arrived in America, I carried her exit permit back across the Atlantic. My daughter, Jeannine, and I were the first of Ingeborg's descendants to return to the country of her birth. Our non-stop jet flight from Minneapolis to Scandinavia took about eight hours.

Although my husband and I had toured other European countries, this trip, to the country of my origins, was an emotional experience beyond my expectations. We located my husband's relatives in Finland. We visited several red farmhouses in Dalsland, Sweden, one where my father-in-law had been born and others where he had lived as a child. I shared my husband's excitement as he discovered his family roots—but I wanted to find my own.

After a visit to Lake Siljan in Dalarna, we drove west from Mora to Malung. The road goes up and down hills covered with tall, dark pine trees. Occasionally, a clear shimmering lake comes into view, but the western Dalarna landscape is dominated by the forest. At last the trees thinned out and we came to the valley of the West Dal River and to Malung. We checked into a hotel and went out to explore this town of my ancestors.

The name Malung was in use as early as 1177, when the Norwegian King Sverre described his march through the district. This is the earliest known use of a place name in Dalarna.¹² In old Swedish, the word "malunghr" meant "sandy" and the word "malung" was thus interpreted as "the sandy place". The broad river valley, with its sandy soil, was a natural place for early settlers whose main industry consisted of cattle-raising and farming.¹³

The farmers hunted in the forest and fished in the lakes and streams. The plentiful hunting soon gave rise to the leather industry which in time has made

this area world-famous. Today, animal skins are imported from as far away as China, in order to make leather goods, clothing and shoes.

After lunch in a cafe, we crossed the main street and bought some leather items. Down another street, we stopped in front of the Malung Hemslöjd, a small shop specializing in sewing and handcrafted items.

The one thing I wanted to buy most of all on this trip was a Swedish folk costume. I had the idea that it would be easy; that I could buy one "off the rack", as a dirndl in Germany. I was not prepared for the resistance I encountered when I had asked in Rättvik where one could be made. "You could only get one from your grandmother or some other relative," I was told and further questions were ignored. I had not realized how protective the Swedes would be about their traditional parish folk costumes. My husband suggested that I buy a picture of a Malung folk costume and copy it at home. "Maybe you could buy a kit to make a purse," he said as we stood outside the Hemslöjd.

We went into the shop. A folk costume was hanging in the doorway and we stopped to admire it. The shopkeeper shook her head and said, "no," when asked if one could be made for me. Another customer began talking to us in English and we told her how much I wanted a folk costume. She had lived in Malung as a young girl when her father was a pastor there. Now living in Göteborg, she had brought her daughter's Malung costume to be altered. I told her that my great grandmother had been born in Malung. She talked for some time to the shopkeeper in Swedish and then turned to me and said in English, "She will make a costume for you." Was I dreaming? Could it really be true?

With many gestures, I was ushered downstairs to the storeroom to try on the costume hanging in the shop. It belonged to Gun, the shopkeeper. It really was true. I could have a costume, a folk costume from the parish of my great grandmother.

The Malung folk costume, the oldest known folk costume in Dalarna, is brightly colored. The jumper is an embroidered red top with a blue handwoven wool skirt. It is worn over a white cotton long-sleeved blouse with red and white cuffs. A flowered shawl is tucked into the red handwoven wool apron and held in place by a silver brooch. The white cap has handmade lace and ribbons. The purse, with the year it was made and the owner's initials, is made of leather, as befits Malung's foremost industry. Red stockings and black leather shoes complete the outfit. Gun repeatedly told me to wear "whole black shoes", as she pointed at my sandals and shook her head. The folk costume of Malung is similar to the dress described in the mid-1800s.¹⁴

Gun said that the costume would cost 2,500 Swedish *Kronor* and my husband left for the bank. It was 2:45 p.m. and most banks in Sweden close at 3:00 p.m. By the time Gun had me snapped and tied into her costume, my husband had returned. "Upstairs. Your husband. Take a picture," she said. Later we made arrangements to return in the morning to take measurements.

As we walked back to our hotel, men and women, dressed in the Malung costumes, were gathering in the city park. A second stroke of luck that day—it

was Friday, and every Friday afternoon during the summer, festivals are held in the park. Dancers, fiddlers and actors perform; local craftsmen display their wares. There are refreshments and a makeshift "zoo", fenced-in sheep and goats for the children to see and touch. We stayed to watch the performance and strolled about the displays. Still, as in a dream, we went back to the hotel.

Too excited to sleep, I tossed and turned all night. The next morning I returned to the Hemslöjd and with much gasping, Gun and her assistant took my measurements. Saying "ja" with a quick intake of air is more pronounced here than in other parts of Sweden. By this time my husband wanted a costume too. Gun quickly adopted him into the Malung parish and took his measurements. Gun said that we would receive our costumes in about three months—"Före jul" (before Christmas).

The Malung Church, where my great grandmother had been baptized and confirmed into the Lutheran State Church, was our next stop. I wonder if she wore a folk costume at her confirmation, as young people in many Dalarna parishes still do today. The church, built in the 13th century, is located on the east side of the West Dal River at the edge of the town.¹⁵ It is a peaceful setting. On that bright sunny day, the white stone church tower, amidst the green of the trees, stood out against the clear blue sky. The white and black sheep, grazing across the river, completed the pastoral scene. Did my great grandmother and her family, who lived on the west side of the river, come to church by boat?

The Malung parish records are kept in the basement of the parish office building. These leather-bound volumes, 100 to 200 years old, are amazing to see. Meticulously handwritten in ink, they include information of births, baptisms, deaths and marriages, as well as each parishioner's standing within the church.

The pastor said that many of the records had been destroyed by fire, which is true all over Scandinavia. Malung is one of the few parishes exempt from keeping the records in the regional archives.¹⁶ This exception to Sweden's well-organized record-keeping system had caused me some aggravation earlier. Notebook in hand, I had gone to the National Archives in Stockholm. I was told that the Malung records were kept in the regional archives in Uppsala. In Uppsala we climbed the steep hill to the castle, where the archives are housed, arriving there just before closing. We were then told that the records were in Malung.

The pastor offered to show us how to use the records and we thumbed through the heavy paper pages. I located my great grandmother's family and learned that she had been born on a farm called Bränd in the village of Västra Utsjö. The pastor was unfamiliar with Bränd, but located my great grandmother's brother on a farm called Nygårds. He also said that there had been a death at Nygårds recently. He suggested that we drive out to Västra Utsjö and ask someone where Nygårds was, and that they might be able to tell us about Bränd.

Across a narrow bridge to the west side of the river, we drove and turned off the main road and in a few miles we came to a sign which declared that we were in Västra Utsjö. There were several houses on one side of the road and several more

up a hill on the other side. The hill sloped gently down toward the river, one quarter of a mile away, where fields of wild flowers grew. I recalled my mother telling me about my great grandmother's flower-filled backyard in St. Paul. Behind the houses on the hill were remnants of the large forest that once covered the area.

Hesitantly I asked a few people where Bränd and Nygårds were located, but they only shook their heads in consternation. Disappointed and confused, we took pictures of the houses and the wild flowers by the river.

With tears rolling down my cheeks, we drove away from Västra Utsjö and Malung; away from the valley up into the hills, where the road once again tunnels through the tall dark pine trees. Would I ever return? For now, I would have to be content with my folk costume.

-oOo-

II

It is raining, the downpour making a river of the street below our hotel room window. I pace the floor. I look out of the window, wondering if I am related to anyone in the rain-soaked town. This is my second trip to Sweden and I am again in Malung, my great grandmother's birthplace.

The first stop we make this time is at the Malung tourist bureau. The receptionist circles the location of a store where we can buy shoes to wear with our Malung folk costumes. She also recommends a smörgåsbord at a guest house on the road to Yttermalung. She assures us that we will "like it there," when I tell her where we had eaten previously. It proves to be a survival test. A two-tiered table offers fish of every description—smoked, marinated, salted; fish and vegetables, fish and macaroni, fish and rice; and a variety of fresh and marinated vegetables. Another table holds the main course of roast beef, meatballs, potatoes, cooked vegetables and salad. A third table holds bread, crackers and fruit. We stuff ourselves as we sit on the porch overlooking the West Dal River.

On the way back to the hotel, we visit the Malung Church to look for the graves of my great great grandparents. By now we are a bit cynical about Swedish cemeteries because we have learned that some old graves are "recycled" and that others may be under the walking paths. We are not disappointed when our search is fruitless.

The pastor drives up and tells about his busy day. He asks if we know the Blue Lake Choir from Michigan. The choir has been visiting Malung for several years and had sung in the church the previous evening. The young choir members are housed in the homes of the parishioners. He invites us to look inside the church and to return in the morning to look at old records. Barbara, our oldest daughter, is with us on this trip and I want her to see these remarkable old books.

It begins to rain as we return to the hotel. My husband and daughter sleep, lethargic from overeating. Too restless to sleep, I pace the floor. I review the situation as I look out of the window. We have scheduled Sunday and Monday in Malung and it is now five o'clock Sunday afternoon. Will I go away empty-handed again?

In the January 1985 issue of *The Swedish-American Historical Quarterly* (formerly the *Swedish Pioneer Historical Quarterly*), Margareta Hedblom, director of the Dalarna Emigration Project, requested information from descendants of Swedish emigrants from that province.¹⁷ In answer to my letter, Margareta said that she would not be in Sweden when I planned to be, but that the "lady in charge" of Malung research "would love to talk" with me. The name, as I read it, was Lois Larsson from Yttermalung. Little did I know the difficulty I would have.

Three times I have gone down to the hotel lobby to ask the receptionist for help. The phone number of the one Larsson in Yttermalung in the telephone directory is no longer in service. The receptionist calls directory assistance to no avail. Finally, she suggests that I drive out to Yttermalung and ask someone. "It is a small village and everyone knows everyone else," she says.

Up in our room, my husband opens his eyes and asks if I have found "that lady" yet. "Why not?" he asks. His persistence irritates me, but without it, I would have given up long ago. We decide to take the receptionist's advice and drive to Yttermalung.

Along the east side of the river, past the church, and past the guest house, where we had eaten earlier, we come to the village of Yttermalung. The one store is not open on Sunday. A young man is checking his car tires in front of the store and I ask him if he is from the area. He is, but knows no one in this village. He tells me to go up to any house and ask for information. We drive down the road looking for some sign of life. The bleak rainy afternoon adds to the quiet which prevails after the midsummer festivities of the past two days.

At last we see a woman in a farmyard. We back around and I get out of the car and ask if she knows Lois Larsson. She quiets her dogs and calls to her young daughter, "Tyst, Jag talar engelska!" ("Quiet. I am talking English!"). She asks for more information about the woman I am seeking and I tell her that she is involved in Malung's research. "You must mean Iris Larsson. She works in the library," she says. When I have difficulty understanding directions to Iris' house, she says that she needs to tend the cows, "but I will take you there." She loads her dogs and child in the back of a station wagon and leads us down the road. She leaves her crying child in the car and knocks on the door of a house. She calls for Iris and soon a very startled woman comes down the stairs. I explain my errand. She invites us up to her apartment. Brushing crumbs from a recent meal off the table, she invites us to sit down.

Iris is very interested in genealogical research and is excited about helping me. She brings out several books, including a Swedish-English dictionary, which

she jokingly says she might need. I nod in agreement because my dictionary is in my bag at my side. I tell her my great grandmother's name and birthplace and she immediately turns to a story about Västra Utsjö in the 1961-1962 edition of *Skinnarebygd*, Malungs Hembygdsförenings årsbok (the annual of the Malung local history society). One of the chapters is about Bränd and its people.¹⁸ I found out later that the author of the article is Lars Bergman, a grandson of my great grandmother's brother, Lars.

Iris says that she is certain that I have relatives in the area. She does not know any of them personally, but has a friend who also works in the library, who does. She phones Ingeborg Jansson who comes over immediately, talking, smiling, joking and as excited as Iris is about my pursuit. Ingeborg looks at my notes and says, "You have a second cousin in every corner." She makes several phone calls and says that we would meet some of my relatives that very evening. My great grandmother had six brothers and sisters and all remained in the Malung vicinity. I was to meet but one branch.

Ingeborg leaves and Iris, my husband and I soon follow. We meet Ingeborg at her house, where she had gone to put clothes in the dryer for two Blue Lake Choir members who were staying with her. She had not expected to be called out so abruptly this evening.

There is a lot of discussion about who is to go with whom. I do not understand why we need two cars, but the reason soon becomes apparent. We turn into a cluster of houses just off the main road between Malung and Yttermalung. A white-haired woman, wearing glasses, comes out of one of the houses. "She looks like my mother," I think to myself. "This is Dagny, one of your relatives," says Ingeborg. I lean over the back seat and we shake hands. We continue into Malung where we stop to pick up two more women, Ingrid and Valborg. They are Dagny's sisters.

We cross the West Dal River and turn onto the road to Västra Utsjö. In a few miles we turn onto a gravel drive toward the same houses we took pictures of two years ago. Jenny, another sister of the women we have just met, lives in one of the houses. She and her nieces, Agneta and Anita, meet us outside. We stand in the summer twilight at 10 p.m. and take pictures on the exact place where these women and our great grandmothers had been born. After the rain, swarms of mosquitoes buzz around us as we become acquainted and discuss the location of various past and present buildings. This is complicated because my comprehension of Swedish is uncertain and the older women do not speak English. It is further complicated because we are all very excited and everyone is talking at once.

Our ancestors had lived on this property, known as Bränd, as long ago as the late 1600s.¹⁹ It has been more recently called Back, hence my problem to locate it two years ago. "Så synd" ("What a pity"), says Dagny. Nearby is Nygård where Anita's father lives. Our great grandmother's brother, Per, built a house at Nygård for his family.²⁰ When their father built a larger house at Bränd, brother Lars and his family moved into the old one.²¹

Eric Ersson, my great great grandfather, owned a considerable amount of property for his time. The beautiful spacious house he built at Bränd, "contrasted sharply" with the smaller cottages which other families shared with their animals.²² Eventually, most of the property was lost to the logging company.²³

Here I am, seated at Jenny's table, looking through old family photos with newly-found relatives. They are as excited as I. As I sort through the pile on the table, one catches my eye. "I have seen this picture in my mother's house," I say. I know for certain that I am in the right place.

The picture is of great grandmother's sister Anna, her husband, and their four children. At first I am confused because I had believed it to be of my great grandmother. However, the names are on the back. Anna must have sent a picture of her family to Ingeborg in America.

As we discuss our ancestry, Jenny brings out a copy of the 1961-1962 issue of *Skinnarebygd* and gives it to me. It is a special gift because it is no longer in print. Dagny is pleased that I think she resembles my mother. She invites us for lunch the next day. We make arrangements to meet at the church.

It has all happened so fast. I feel like I am dreaming. Afterwards I would think of many questions to ask, but right now everything is a blur. My head aches. My stomach aches. I am exhausted, but I have found my roots.

It is after midnight when we go our separate ways. Fog has quietly covered the valley, creating an ethereal atmosphere. We are engulfed in mist as my husband and I drive Iris home along the back road. An eerie sensation comes over me as we drive over the partially obscured bridge. The fog intensifies after we leave Iris' house and we momentarily lose our way into Malung. At last we are back at the hotel. "I'm glad you found your relatives," my husband says as he rolls over and falls asleep. With my arms crossed under my head, I lie awake, wondering if this evening really happened.

Monday morning we are up early to shop. A little too early, because the banks and the stores are not yet open. We wait outside the Hemslöjd. At last the shades roll up and the door opens. A surprised Gun is inside. Either her English and my Swedish have improved a great deal or this meeting lacks the excitement of the last one. We are able to communicate much better. We take pictures with Gun protesting that she is not dressed properly. We thank her again for our folk costumes and leave to go to the church.

The church secretary remembers us, too, and takes us to the basement where the records are stored. Each person in the parish is listed, along with their date and place of birth, marital status, employment, and when Communion last was received. Notation is made when someone moves into or out of the parish. The story of my great grandmother unfolds on pages of century-old books.

Iris soon joins us, bringing copies of some materials I wanted, neatly encased in plastic and tied with a ribbon. Iris phones Dagny as prearranged. She soon arrives with her son, Hans, who will be our interpreter. We say goodbye to Iris, this kind new friend, the final link to my Swedish relatives.

Dagny and Hans lead us to a school. A tiny woman comes out to greet us. It is Gunhild. Now I have met all five sisters.

In her home Dagny shows family pictures to us. She has an enlarged copy of the local postcard depicting two of her grandchildren in their Malung folk costumes. Four places are set at the table. It is noon, but everyone has risen early for work and has already eaten lunch. Among other things, Dagny serves moose meat (*älg*) and cloudberry (*hjordron*). The *älg* is the equivalent of the North American moose and cloudberry are indigenous to the countries in the far northern latitudes.

Hans and Ulf answer my questions about the Malung dialect, one of the many dialects in Sweden. Hans and his family speak it at home, but Ulf's wife is from another part of Sweden and he is afraid that the language eventually will disappear. Iris told us earlier how amazed she had been to speak the Malung dialect with her relatives in Roseau, MN in the "old" form of the dialect. In Malung the dialect has undergone the inevitable linguistic change of all languages. In Roseau, lacking the influence of Swedish, it has remained the same.

Dagny's sons give us a tour of the family-owned and operated glove factory next to her house. Hans and Ulf manage the business end. Jenny is there cutting gloves from leather and Ingrid is sewing the pieces together. Dagny sews too, "Sometimes," as Hans teasingly tells it. Gloves are designed and made for firemen, motorcycle policemen and jockeys.

Hans takes us to buy shoes for our folk costumes. "Whole, black shoes", made of leather with soft yellow leather laces.

Once again we are on the now familiar route from Malung to Västra Utsjö. This time we continue past the Västra Utsjö sign, where the pavement ends and the gravel begins. The road goes up the reforested hills to a lake. Here and there are open spaces with stubby trees and large gray rocks—like an old man's balding head with tufts of hair and protruding growths of skin. The government has replanted some of the areas which were logged long ago. Slowly the forest will return.

A sharp turn into a rutted drive and a small cottage (*fäbod*) comes into view. It has been in the family for over one hundred years. Did my great grandmother come here as a young girl? Now owned by Dagny's brother, it once belonged to her parents. Dagny spreads a cloth on a picnic table and sets out coffee, rolls and cookies. Hans tells us about the *fäbod*.

Today the *fäbod* is a weekend retreat or vacation place for Swedish families. In the past, it was an escape also, for cows. Confined to close quarters in town during the winter, they were allowed to roam free in the woods at the *fäbod* (which in Swedish literally means cattle house or barn), returning to the buildings at night to be milked. Enough butter and cheese were made from the rich milk to last through the winter.

Dagny tells of the summers spent there as a child. The men would return home for two weeks in July for the haying season and often the women would go along to cook for the men. One summer, when Dagny was 13 or 14 years old, she was alone with the cows in the *fäbod* for two weeks.

A short distance away, overlooking the lake, Dagny and her husband have their *fäbod*. The cottage, on the edge of a hill, has a lovely view from the porch. Bunches of flowers are everywhere—in containers on the floor and hanging overhead. "För midsommar" ("For Midsummer"), says Dagny, as she waters them. Behind the cottage is a root cellar, a cool storage place built into the earth with grass growing on top. The air is cool up here in the hills. The breeze off the lake offers a welcome relief from the mosquitoes.

It has become warm and humid again as we return to town. We enjoy a glass of homemade currant *saft* (juice) at Dagny's house.

It is late afternoon, time to continue our journey. After many hugs; Swedish thank yous (*tack*); Swedish farewells (*hej, hej*), we drive away from Malung. This time, my tears are of happiness.

¹Bränd Eric Ersson, a farmer in Västra Utsjö, was born there 19 April 1804, the son of Eric Persson and Kerstin Ersdotter. He died in Malung on his 63rd birthday, 19 April 1867. He was married in 1825 to Anna Persdotter, b. in Västra Utsjö 20 Sept. 1807, the daughter of Nygårds Per Halvardsson and Karin Olsdotter. She died in Malung 29 Oct. 1891. - Joseph Sjögren, *Acta Genealogica Malungensia* (Malung, Sweden 1963), p. 318

²H. Arnold Barton (Ed.), *Letters from the Promised Land; Swedes in America, 1840-1914* (Minneapolis, MN 1975), p. 16

³Lars Bergman, "Den tysta byn" in *Skinnarebygd: Malungs Hembygdsföreningens Årsbok 1961-62* (Malung 1963), p. 24.

⁴Ibid.

⁵Böle was another village in Malung, bordering on Västra Utsjö.

⁶Skinnarebygd, p. 24.

⁷*Veckobulletin för Första Svenska Baptistförsamlingen* (Weekly Bulletin of the First Swedish Baptist Church), dated 25 Aug. 1929.

⁸Göteborgs poliskammarers emigrantlistor (Emigrant Lists of the Göteborg Police Headquarters), Register for 1883 in *Landsarkivet* in Göteborg.

⁹Barton, *Letters*, p. 109.

¹⁰Byron Nordstrom (Ed.), *The Swedes in Minnesota* (Minneapolis 1976), p. 29.

¹¹*First Swedish Baptist Church Minutes*, Vol. 2 (29 April 1882-January 1892), St. Paul, MN.

¹²*Semester: Malung-Lima Tourist Guide 1985-1986* (Malung 1985), p. 22.

¹³Ibid.

¹⁴Maximilian Axelsson, *Vesterdalarne, dess natur, folkliif och fornminnen under vandringar derstädes tecknade* (Stockholm 1885), p. 114.

¹⁵*Dalarnas kyrkor - mer än minnen* (No place, no date).

¹⁶Carl-Erik Johansson, *Cradled in Sweden* (Logan, Utah 1972), pp. 32-33.

¹⁷Notice in "Communications" in *The Swedish-American Historical Quarterly* (formerly *The Swedish Pioneer Historical Quarterly*), Vol. 36 (Chicago 1985), p. 69.

¹⁸Skinnarebygd, pp. 5-16; 20-37.

¹⁹Ibid., p. 26.

²⁰Ibid., p. 21.

²¹Ibid.

²²Ibid., p. 22.


²³Ibid., pp. 7-8.

Swedish American Genealogist



Volume V 1985

Swedish American Genealogist



Copyright © 1985

Swedish American Genealogist

P.O. Box 2186

Winter Park, FL 32790

(ISSN 0275-9314)

Editor and Publisher Nils William Olsson, Ph.D., F.A.S.G.

Contributing Editors Glen E. Brolander, Augustana College, Rock Island, IL;
Sten Carlsson, Ph.D., Uppsala University, Uppsala, Sweden;
Henric Sollbe, Norrköping, Sweden;
Erik Wikén, Ph.D., Stockholm, Sweden

Contributions are welcomed but the quarterly and its editors assume no responsibility for errors of fact or views expressed, nor for the accuracy of material presented in books reviewed. Queries are printed free of charge to subscribers only.

Subscriptions are \$12.50 per annum and run for the calendar year. Single copies are \$5.00 each.

In Sweden subscriptions are 100:-Swedish *kronor*, which can be deposited in *postgiro* account No. 260 10-9, *Swedish American Genealogist*, Box 2029, 103 11 Stockholm. For airmail delivery from the U.S. please add 25:-*kronor* to the subscription price.

CONTENTS

<i>A Birthday Gift for Governor John Lind in 1901</i> by Nils William Olsson	1
<i>Jacob Fahlstrom's Bible</i>	10
<i>Abraham Forsskol: An Early Swede in Maine</i> by David Curtis Dearborn, F.A.S.G.	11
<i>Death in Paris</i>	16
<i>Swedish Personal Names in America</i> by Folke Hedblom	17
<i>Ancestor Tables</i>	36
<i>Genealogical Queries</i>	45
<i>The Death of Henrik Österman - A Swedish Argonaut</i> by Erik Wikén	49
<i>A Swedish Passenger List from 1902</i> by Sheryl Berquist Busterno	51
<i>Long Generations</i>	53
<i>Finland Swedes</i> by Elizabeth Oman	54
<i>Castle Garden Revisited</i> by Nils Kolle	59
<i>The Genealogical Workshop. 3. The Household Examination Roll</i> by John Robert Anderson	65
<i>Correction to the article on the Lindquist Family</i>	72
<i>Deaths of Swedes in the U.S. Marine Hospital, Charlestown, MA</i> by Roger D. Joslyn, C.G., F.A.S.G.	73
<i>Ancestor Tables</i>	74
<i>Death of Catherine Åhman in Boston</i>	81
<i>Long Generations</i>	81
<i>Genealogical Queries</i>	82
<i>Literature</i>	90
<i>Swedish Parish Records on Microfiche</i> by Lars Otto Berg	97
<i>The Search for Johan Petter Axelsson's Father</i> by Christopher Olsson	101
<i>Swedish Emigration to North America via Hamburg 1850-1870</i> by Sten Aminoff	106
<i>Carl Johan Ahlmark - Early Swede in Louisville, KY</i> by Nils William Olsson	109
<i>John Martin Castell - Early Swedish Gold Miner</i>	

by Elizabeth Oman	115
<i>A Swedish Passenger List from 1902. II</i> by Sheryl Berquist Busterno	118
<i>A Note on Sven Aron Ponthan</i> by Curt Hauffman	121
<i>The Sylvanders of Lowell and Taunton, MA</i> by Bo Rask	124
<i>Literature</i>	127
<i>Ancestor Tables</i>	129
<i>Genealogical Queries</i>	137
<i>Genealogical Societies in Sweden Today</i> by Erik Thorell	141
<i>Two Early Swedes in New York</i> by Erik Wikén	153
<i>Long Generations</i>	155
<i>"A Second Cousin in Every Corner"</i> by Janet Hobbs Johnson	156
<i>Genealogical Queries</i>	167
<i>Literature</i>	169
<i>Index of Personal Names</i>	172
<i>Index of Ships' Names</i>	185
<i>Index of Place Names</i>	186